Follow My Lead

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/1807864.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Kill la Kill
Characters:	Matoi Ryuuko, Mankanshoku Mako, Kiryuuin Satsuki, Jakuzure Nonon, Sanageyama Uzu, Gamagoori Ira, Inumuta Houka
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe, Alternate Universe - Medieval, Ballroom Dancing, Fights, Masquerade, Slight Matoi Ryuuko/Sanageyama Uzu
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2014-06-18 Words: 4,754 Chapters: 1/1

Follow My Lead

by RaeRaePapaya

Notes

> Medieval AU idea I had where Ryuko and Uzu ran a business where they were bandits/assassins and would do work (like escorts missions or assassinations) depending on what they were hired and paid for.

Ryuko let out a soft sigh as Mako helped her into her heavy black ball gown, tying the red ribbons on her back. It was a sleeveless, off shoulder dress, leaving her shoulders and collarbone exposed. It hugged her quite nicely around the torso, accenting her figure in a way that made Ryuko stop in front of a mirror to take a second look at herself because not even *she* could believe that she was the one in the dress.

The rest of her dress cascaded around her quite elegantly, the fabric flowing in subtle waves around her. A shining, round pin sits at her left hip bone, giving the impression that the pin is where all the fabric starts.

Another sigh passed Ryuko's lips as she slipped into her red heels, ones that she is almost sure will draw attention in her direction.

She wasn't one who preferred to dress like this, but right now it was part of the job. She looked up just in time to see the princess enter the room, dressed in an elegant white gown. Ryuko stood to her feet, slightly wobbly from the heels but she managed nonetheless.

"Your Majesty," Ryuko curtsied alongside Mako.

"Princess - I mean Queen Satsuki, Lady Ryuko is almost done, we just need to fix her up a bit more." Mako informed with a smile.

Satsuki gave a small amused smile. "I'm not queen yet." She reminded, a small smile on her features. "Am I safe to assume that everything will be fine for tonight's coronation ball?" Satsuki inquired, turning her attention to Ryuko.

The dark haired girl nodded, slipping on a pair of long sheer, black silk gloves that ended just below the crook of her elbow. "Yes, my partner and I will make sure everything goes well. Although, I can't guarantee that we won't make a mess." Ryuko replied, placing her hands on her hips as Mako went back to tying up the ribbons on her dress.

The princess nodded, her long dark hair tied up in a bun and her crown sitting on top of her head. "I didn't hire you for cleanliness, Lady Ryuko, I hired you because you get the job done." Satsuki stated, folding her hands over one another.

Ryuko smirked slightly at the princess's words. "Ah, I suppose so." She muttered as she crossed her arms over her chest. "Anyway, how's my partner doing? Where is he?" She inquired.

"He's in the other room, getting dressed for the party just as you are. Which reminds me…" Satsuki trailed off, turning to the door. "Nonon," She called. Ryuko raised one of her brows in curiousity. A few moments passed and a girl with pink hair, roughly the same age as Satsuki, came through the door, holding something on a cushioned tray.

Satsuki mumbled her thanks and picked up whatever was on the tray. The princess turned to Ryuko, holding out a black Colombina mask. On the right side of the mask was a gray, X-shaped slash mark that seemed to go through the opening of the eye while the rest of the

mask was black, and the border of the entire mask was a shimmering red color. A red feather was stuck to the mask, just diagonal of the area over the left eye.

Ryuko eyed the mask oddly, taking it into her hand gently. "You'll need it for the ball, correct?" Satsuki asked as she pulled out her own white mask on a stick, a white flower off to the side of where her right eye was. She smirked slightly, holding it over her eyes so she could peer at Ryuko through the mask.

"Mako, the ball begins soon. Make sure that Lady Ryuko's hair is done nicely." Satsuki requested before she and her handmaid, Nonon, left the room. Mako curtsied as Ryuko continued to eye the mask.

The door closed and Ryuko turned to Mako, the brunette beaming at her. "Come, come. Let's get your hair done nicely, Lady Ryuko!" Mako insisted, gesturing for Ryuko to sit down.

A soft sigh passed through Ryuko's lips as she sat down, a small smile appearing on her features. She let Mako run her fingers through her hair, pulling any lose strands together until she could tie her hair into a bun, a few strands falling from the bun. She curled the loose ends lightly, adding a nice, elegant touch to her hair. Mako stuck a few pins into Ryuko's hair, making sure that no other strands fell out or the bun would fall apart. To add one more final touch, Mako wrapped a black choker around Ryuko's neck.

"All done!" Mako declared proudly. Ryuko nodded gratefully and stood to her feet to look at herself in the mirror. Her blue eyes widened slightly from surprise, a light blush staining her cheeks. "You look great, huh?" Mako gushed, clasping her hands together.

Ryuko flushed and turned to Mako, smiling lightly. "Ah, I do, but it's thanks to you, Mako. I don't even recognize myself." Ryuko chuckled.

Mako giggled lightly as she walked over to Ryuko, taking the mask from the girl's hands. "Don't be like that, Lady Ryuko! You look beautiful! Now then, you better get going, the ball will be starting soon." Mako said as she finished tying the mask onto Ryuko, making sure the mask wouldn't slip during the night. Thanking her, Ryuko nodded and headed for the door with ease, now rather accustomed to the heels she was wearing.

Although she still did prefer her boots.

She paused as her hand rested on the door knob before she turned back to Mako. "Oh right, Mako." Ryuko beckoned to the brunette. "My weapon," She requested as she held her hand out to Mako. The brunette nodded, her sparkling brown eyes searching the room before she found Ryuko's sheathed dagger on the nearby vanity. She grabbed it before heading back to Ryuko, holding it out to the dark haired girl.

Ryuko hiked her skirt up high enough to reveal a hidden holster on her thigh. She gratefully took the weapon from Mako before she attached the sheathed weapon to the holster. With the weapon securely attached to her person, Ryuko dropped her skirts, smoothing out the wrinkles with Mako's help before leaving the room, thanking Mako once again for her help.

A soft sigh passed through Ryuko's lips as she reached out, grabbing one of the filled glasses off the trays of the passing waiter. She pulled the drink to her lips, her eyes fluttering close as she felt the cool liquid sooth her dry mouth as the music began.

Her eyes fluttered open again as she turned her attention to the vast ballroom, full of other wealthy noblemen and women, all here for the princess's coronation. She sighed, her eyes flicking from one snobby rich person to the next. These kinds of her parties usually weren't her thing, she much preferred loud and rowdy pubs filled with her friends than a stuffy room filled with strangers.

She shrugged and pulled her drink to her lips again. She can't exactly complain right now, anyway. She's here on a job. Her eyes peered around the room.

Speaking of which… She pulled her drink from her lips, her hand holding the fragile glass delicately in her hand.

"There you are," Ryuko nearly jumped when she felt someone whisper in her ear. She turned around to throw her drink in the creep's face when she stopped, registering the fact that she had recognized their voice. She peered up at the man with the green mask with a black border on his face, his gray eyes visible through the holes in the mask.

His green hair should have been the dead giveaway.

Her blue eyes roamed over him, registering his attire. He had on a black suit, a green vest underneath his black tailcoat and a pair of silk, white gloves on his hands.

She sighed, frowning up at him. "Geez, don't scare me like that. Anyway, where the hell have you been, Sanageyama? I've been standing here by myself for almost half an hour." She grumbled to him, sipping her drink.

He chuckled at her, sipping his own drink that he had probably grabbed earlier before he met with her. "Were you lonely without me, Matoi? Besides, you can't rush perfection." Uzu smirked at her. "Speaking of perfection…" He teased, looking her up and down.

Ryuko flushed and turned her back to him. "D-Don't get used to it. I'm only wearing it for the job." She grumbled to him.

Uzu smirked at her before he rounded her to look at her. She looked up at him curiously as he downed his drink, gesturing for her to do the same. She raised her brow but complied anyway, watching as Uzu took her now empty glass. He placed their drinks on the tray of a passing waiter before he turned back to Ryuko. He took Ryuko's gloved hand in his own, bowing to her slightly.

The girl's cheeks dusted red as she looked down at Uzu, noticing the smirk that had appeared on his lips. He peered up at her through the mask, his smirk still on his lips. "May I have the honor of dancing with you, Matoi?"

She bit her lip and averted her gaze. "I-I don't know how these damn things work so you're gonna have to do all the work, alright?" She grumbled as Uzu rose to his full height.

He chuckled under his breath as he led the girl onto the dance floor and into the sea of people. He pulled her close, their connected hands resting gently in each other's grasp. He smirked down at her. "It's easy, Matoi, trust me. But if you're still a little shaky, I'll be more than happy to lead." He whispered teasingly as she placed her other hand onto his shoulder.

Ryuko clicked her tongue. "You're really enjoying this, aren't you?" She inquired, feeling Uzu's free hand find its way to her hip. The male hummed, his smirk still dancing on his lips.

"Maybe just a little bit." He admitted, his smirk growing. "Follow my lead." He said to her as he began to move and sway, guiding Ryuko along to the music. They swayed along with the other people dancing, all of them moving in synchronization.

Uzu twirled Ryuko before he pulled her close again, guiding the girl to follow in his light footsteps. She flushed, her hand squeezing his shoulder. "Since when have you been able to dance?" She grumbled in his ear, her eyes searching the room. "You're looking too, right?" She whispered.

She heard Uzu chuckle as he rested his cheek by her temple as they danced. "You seem to forget that I'm from an esteemed family, Matoi. I know these dances like the back of my hand." He answered quietly. He let out a sigh as he turned his eyes away from the girl in his arms. "Mm, remind me again just who we're looking for?" He requested, his gray eyes skimming around the room.

"Our target is a male, mid twenties. Dark hair with some stubble on his chin. He has a medium build, and I believe he's supposed to have something blue on him, since blue is the signature color of the rebel group. He should have company with him." Ryuko informed. Uzu hummed lightly, as he and Ryuko looked around the room amidst their dancing. The male twirled Ryuko once again.

"I counted three men with blue." He whispered into her ear once he pulled her flush against his chest.

Ryuko pursed her lips. "Two on the north end of the room and then the one that was just heading out onto the balcony?"

Uzu smirked at her words. "I'll get the two on the north and you get the one on the balcony?"

"Underestimating my strength, Sanageyama?"

"Not at all. I was just thinking that you needed some fresh air. Would you rather be in this stuffy room with a bunch of sweaty older men?"

Ryuko pursed her lips. "I'll get the guy outside." She said as they pulled apart from each other. She turned to leave and Uzu smirked at her.

"Excellent dancing, my dear!" He called to her. "We should do it again sometime!" Ryuko stopped in her tracks, her cheeks red from embarrassment as she turned back to Uzu. She was about to glare at him when she saw that he had already disappeared into the crowd. Ryuko

averted her gaze, immediately noticing that the other guests were staring at her. She turned on her heel and hurried out toward the balcony.

She was about to exit when someone grabbed her arm, pulling her against their chest. A little dizzy, she looked up and narrowed her eyes to find Uzu looking down at her. "You-! What the hell was that earlier?" She almost growled at him.

He chuckled slightly and began pulling her toward the north end of the room. "What? I was complimenting you on your dancing! We should really do it again sometime," He smirked at her. "Anyway, I need your help with a little something. Can't have you approaching that guy without a little help, right?" He suggested.

Ryuko eyed him curiously and glanced over his shoulder, her eyes landing on the two males that they had suspected as being part of the rebel group. She glanced back at Uzu just in time to see him grabbing a drink off of a nearby waiter's tray. "Sanageyama…" She began with a warning undertone.

He turned to her, giving her a slight smile. "What? I'm not going to do any-" He stopped short as he turned back around, his drink spilling onto one of the male's suits. "Oh! I'm so sorry, sir! My deepest apologies!" Uzu stammered as he pulled out his green handkerchief, using it to dab away at the spill he had made on the man's chest.

The man and his friend tried to assure Uzu it was okay and Ryuko decided to play along as well, remaining behind Uzu and raising her hands in a placating manner. "I'm so sorry about that, my husband must have had a little too much to drink." Ryuko apologized with a light chuckle. "You know how these parties get," She said, forcing out a laugh. It seemed to make the others laugh too and Ryuko peered out of the corner of her eye at Uzu's hand. With a slight of his hand, he managed to swipe the blue handkerchief from the male's pocket, passing it behind him to hold out to Ryuko.

She smirked and swiped it from his hand and turned away to stuff it down her top. "I'll let you clean up your mess, dear. I'm going to find us some snacks or some place for you to lay down. I'll come back and find you if I do, alright?"

Uzu forced on a smile as he turned to Ryuko. "Thank you, my dear. I'll see you in a bit." He said and turned back to the men. Ryuko turned and headed for the balcony, hearing Uzu apologize a few times more before he was finally out of earshot. She peered out onto the balcony, spotting her target with another female.

By their distance between each other and the way that they were conversing with each other, it was easy to tell that the male had come alone.

With a heavy sigh, Ryuko realized she may have to turn on the charm in order to get the male's attention. She turned around, and adjusted her top a bit before she beckoned over a waiter. She took two glasses from his tray before she collected herself and headed for the male. She cleared her throat, getting the pair's attention before she shooed away the female, an offended look on the girl's face as she headed back into the party.

Ryuko mentally rolled her eyes, feeling the girl glare at the back of her head. She shook the thoughts away before turning to the male. She gave him a slight smile and handed him one of the drinks. "Hi. Thirsty?" She offered.

The male grinned slightly and took the drink. "Thanks," He murmured, sipping the liquid. "May I ask what you brings you out here?" He inquired.

A soft sigh passed through Ryuko's lips as she leaned against the balcony railing. "I need a little fresh air is all." She answered as she reached into her top, slowly pulling out the handkerchief. She used it to dab lightly at her neck, as though she were wiping away beads of sweat. "It's a little stuffy in there, don't you think?" She asked, peering up at the male.

She smirked mentally, noticing the way that his eyes seemed to drift down to the blue handkerchief. His eyes moved back to hers, a small grin on his face. "I, uh, don't remember seeing you here earlier." He noted.

Ryuko smiled lightly. "A little late to the party, but I'm here anyway, aren't I?" She replied. "Besides, you can't rush perfection." She said as she tucked the handkerchief away.

The male gestured to her handkerchief. "Where'd ya get that?" He inquired.

Ryuko pursed her lips, feigning surprise that he would be interested in the piece of cloth. "This?" She asked and pulled the blue cloth out again. She smirked up at him. "Got it from a friend of mine." She answered.

The male smirked and reached into his pocket. Ryuko turned away to look back into the ballroom as a different kind of music began to play. She pursed her lips, spotting Princess Satsuki descending down the stairs, the coronation more than likely beginning. She flinched slightly, suddenly feeling a cool metal pressed up against her neck.

She let out an exasperated sigh as she carefully turned her head back to the male. "Alright, where did you really get it?" The male inquired, pressing his blade just slightly harder against Ryuko's skin, but not enough pressure to break against her skin.

"So maybe I snatched it off of one of your little friends." Ryuko admitted, glaring at the male.

He glared right back at her. "Who the hell are you, you bitch?" He nearly snarled.

"I don't think that really matters right now. How many of you are here?" She asked.

The male nearly scoffed in response. "*You're* asking me questions? I think it should be the other way around."

Ryuko rolled her eyes. With a flick of her wrist, she threw her drink in the male's face, her free hand coming up to grab at his wrist near her neck. While he was recovering from the drink in his face, she slammed his hand onto the balcony railing, causing him to lose his grip on the knife. The blade clattered to the ground and she dropped the glass, ramming her elbow into the man's nose.

His head recoiled back and Ryuko released him, reaching for the blade. A smirk appeared on her lips, noticing the blood trickle down his nose. He swung at her, still a little dazed from her hit and she dodged with ease. She pinned the man to the railing, holding his blade to his neck.

"Shall I try this again? How many of you are here?" she asked again.

The male grunted and struggled against her hold, but Ryuko wasn't budging. Growing tired of his resistance, she pressed the blade harder against his neck, not enough to break his skin. "F-Five! Five of us!" He finally relented.

Ryuko furrowed her brows. "Five?" She repeated as she stepped back from the male, still pointing the blade in his direction. The male righted himself up, wiping the blood from his nose. She only saw three of them, where were the others?

"Matoi!"

Ryuko turned her head, her eyes landing on Uzu from his place by the doors. He looked a little out of breath as he leaned against the wall. "There's two more! I don't know where they are!" He yelled. The dark haired girl cursed under her breath. She snapped out of her trance when she heard the shuffling of footsteps. She looked back over her shoulder to see the male she had interrogated earlier jump over the edge of the balcony and towards safety.

"Leave him for now, Matoi, I need you back in here!" He said, beckoning her inside. Ryuko grit her teeth and picked up her skirts off the floor, as she hurried inside, running over to Uzu's side as he guided her in. They walked briskly, their eyes searching the room.

Ryuko looked at the base of the stairs to find Princess Satsuki receiving her crown. Suddenly a few panicked yells came from the crowd, stopping the coronation. Ryuko and Uzu looked over to see a lone male burst from the crowd, the nobles scrambling away to safety. The male raised a dagger towards Satsuki, the princess furrowing her brows in response.

"L… Long live Queen Ragyo!" He yelled as he charged forward, his knife in his hand.

"Sanageyama!" Ryuko ordered to her partner. Uzu nodded and rushed forward, tackling the male down as Ryuko hurried over to the princess's side. Ryuko frowned, her eyes glancing from Uzu as he disarmed the male over to the other rebels who had emerged from the crowd, each of them armed with a knife.

That's a little more than five… Ryuko throught with a frown.

Ryuko grit her teeth, stepping in front of the princess and acting as a protective barrier. "Get the princess to safety…" Ryuko ordered over her shoulder as Nonon and Mako came hurrying down the stairs. The pair nodded, quickly guiding Satsuki up the stairs and to safety. Ryuko looked back to see Uzu return to her side, the blade from the rebel he had knocked down earlier in his hand.

Ryuko looked past the rebels to see a few of Satsuki's other servants, Ira and Houka, guiding the nobles to safety, much to hers and Uzu's relief.

"You ready?" He inquired.

The dark haired girl smirked in response. "I've been waiting for this all day." She said as she turned her attention to her dress. *Sorry about this, Mako…*

She grabbed a handful of it and dug her blade into it, cutting into the heavy fabric. She tore through it, cutting the fabric at just halfway up her thigh, revealing her holster on her thigh. She gripped the blade tighter in her hand, she and Uzu pulling off their masks and discarding them to the side. The rebels charged forward and Ryuko's eyes skimmed through them, counting how many rebels there actually were.

Seven. She counted.

"I'll get the three on the right, you get the four on the left." Uzu said.

Ryuko smirked. "Aww, letting me have all the fun? You're so kind." She said sarcastically. She heard Uzu laugh as he ran forward, jumping at one of the males.

The dark haired girl turned back to her portion of the rebels, ducking as one of them swung at her. She elbowed the male in the gut, causing him to crumble over as she swept at his legs. The male tripped and Ryuko rolled out of the way of another attacker. She dug her blade into his side, just deep enough to render him useless to his allies in the meanwhile, but not deep enough that it would be a serious injury.

She rose to her feet, turning her attention to the pair left in front of her. She smirked, beckoning them over with a cocky smirk. They frowned at her and charged. Ryuko got in the line of one of them, deflecting their attack off the side and knocking them off balance. She brought her knee up, ramming it into the male's gut before he fell to the ground.

She turned her attention to the other one, his blade passing dangerously close to her cheek, the blade nicking her slightly. She winced slightly and glared at the man, digging her blade into his gut. She kicked him back moving back to look at the pair on the ground.

"You're slow, Matoi!" Uzu called over to her as Ira and Houka came back into the room, followed by the royal guard.

Ryuko rolled her eyes in response. "You had less rebels to deal with, get over it." She replied as the guards gathered up the rebels, tying up their hands as they escorted them out of the room. Uzu laughed as he walked over to Ryuko.

"Cold. Just admit that I'm better than you," He teased, poking the tip of her nose. She crinkled her nose, frowning at him.

"In your dreams," She replied with a roll of her eyes.

The green haired male laughed, taking Ryuko's blade from her hand. He handed them over to one of the nearby guards before he turned to back to the dark haired girl. "That's what I'm hoping for." He told her with a wink.

Ryuko rolled her eyes again as Ira and Houka approached them. "Thank you both again for your help." Ira said, bowing to them.

"There's no need to thank us. The princess did hire us after all." Ryuko told them.

Uzu crossed his arms over his chest. "Speaking of which, is the princess alright?" He inquired.

"I am, thanks to you both." The group turned their attention to the stairs to see Satsuki descending the stairs with Mako and Nonon following after her.

Ryuko placed her hand on her hip, looking up at the princess. "I've got to ask something, Princess Satsuki, one of those rebels yelled out something about a Queen Ragyo. Did that have anything to do with this whole incident?" Ryuko inquired.

Satsuki folded her hands. "That's right, you haven't lived in this land very long, have you, Lady Ryuko? Queen Ragyo was my mother and the former ruler of this land before I took the throne." Satsuki answered.

Ryuko raised her brows skeptically. "It sounds like you did a little more than just simply take the throne if those men were willing to take your lives for it." She noted. Uzu turned to her elbowing her slightly to remind the girl of her tone. Satsuki furrowed her brows slightly.

"That will be enough of your services, Lady Ryuko… Houka," The princess called. Ryuko and Uzu looked over to see the blue haired male walk over to them, handing them a tied sack. He placed it in Uzu's hands, the green haired male's brows raising in surprise. He weighed it in his hands, his eyes gleaming slightly as he turned to Ryuko.

"Damn, this is heavy!" He chuckled under his breath.

Satsuki smirked lightly at Uzu's comment. "Of course, that was the payment we agreed upon for protecting me during the coronation." Satsuki said as she turned to ascend up the stairs. She stopped and glanced over her shoulder. "Ira, take them to get their original clothes and then show them to the door." Satsuki ordered before she turned her attention to Ryuko.

"Thank you again for your services. I expect that I'll see you again, Lady Ryuko." Satsuki said before she ascended up the stairs.

Ryuko furrowed her brows together. "I expect so too, Princess Satsuki…" She mumbled under her breath before she followed Uzu and Ira out of the ballroom.

Ryuko pulled her cloak closer to her as she stepped out onto the concrete path that was wet from the rain. She hugged herself, looking back at the castle, her eyes skimming up to the highest room where she expected the Princess was currently residing in.

"Hey, you ready to go?" Uzu inquired as he approached Ryuko, slinging their bag of payment over his shoulder. He pulled his cloak closer to him and Ryuko nodded at him.

"Yeah, I'm ready." She said as she turned away from the tower to look at him, the two of them pulling their hoods over their heads to protect them from the rain. Ryuko turned on her heel departing from the castle and heading straight for the town.

Uzu was right beside her, his free hand tucked into his pocket. "Where to now?" He inquired.

Ryuko turned to him, a small smirk on her lips. "Hope you're not too tired. We've got another job." She said with a smirk.

The green haired male chuckled. "Exciting, lead the way."

FIN.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!